

The Tragedie

*Dut.* Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,  
In him that did object the same to thee:  
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,  
So long a growing and so leisurely,  
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.

*Car.* Why Madame, so no doubt he is.

*Dut.* I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.

*Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembered  
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.  
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did

*Dut.* How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.

*Yor.* Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres hold:  
Twas full two yeers ere I could get a tooth.

Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.

*Dut.* I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?

*Yor.* Granam, his Nurse.

*Dut.* Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.

*Yor.* Iftwere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Qu.* A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.

*Car.* Good Madame be not angry with the child.

*Qu.* Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*

*Car.* Here comes your sonne; Lord Marques Dorset,  
What newes Lord Marques?

*Dor.* Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.

*Qu.* How fares the Prince?

*Dor.* Well, Madame, and in health.

*Dut.* What is the newes then?

*Dor.* Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,  
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Dut.* Who hath committed them?

*Dor.* The mightie Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

*Car.* For what offence?

*Dor.* The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:  
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed.

Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.

*Qu.* Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,  
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:  
Insulting tyrannie begins to icke,

of Richard

Vpon the innocent and lawle  
Welcome destruction, death  
I see as in a Mappe the end of

*Dut.* Accursed and vnqui  
How many of you haue mine  
My husband lost his life to go  
And often vp and downe my  
For me to ioy and weepe thei  
And being seated, and dome  
Cleane ouerblown, themselue  
Make war vpon themselues, b  
Selfe against selfe, O preposi  
And franticke outrage, end th  
Or let me die to looke on de

*Qu.* Come, come, my boy

*Dut.* Ile go along with yo

*Qu.* You haue no cause.

*Car.* My Gracious Ladie,  
And thither beare your treas  
For my part, Ile resigne vnto  
The Seale I keepe, and so be  
As well I tender you, and all  
Come, Ile conduct you to th

*The Trumpets sound. Enter*

*Gloucester, and Buck*

*Buc.* Welcome sweete P

*Glo.* Welcome deare Cos

The wearie way hath made y

*Prim.* No Vncle, but our ci

Haue made it tedious, wearis

I want more Vncles hese to v

*Glo.* Sweet Prince, the vn

Hath not yet diued into the

Nor more can you distingui

Then of his outward shew, w

Seldome or neuer iumpeth v

Those Vncles which you wa

Your Grace attended to thei

But lookt not on the poyson